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On
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T H E

GOSPEL TRAGEDY:

A N

E P I C P O E M.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

AND I WILL PUT ENMITY BETWEEN THEE AND THE WOMAN, AND BETWEEN THY SEED AND HER SEED: IT SHALL BRUISE THY HEAD, AND THOU SHALT BRUISE HIS HEEL. Genesis iii. 15.

Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

Irrita perpetuâ solvent formidine terras.

Ille Deûm vitam accipiet Divisque videbit

Permistos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis :

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

VIRG. ECL. IV.



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P R E F A C E.

THE AUTHOR has no apologies to make : He would wish to avoid those self compliments, that often introduce publications to the world. He feels the peculiar difficulty and delicacy, of the mode of writing that he has chosen : But convinced of the salutary effects, that often arise merely from the different dress, in which the same truths are exhibited, he has been led to try the adventure. Should he in many instances, fail of affording the entertainment, that might be wished ; it will be kind in the reader to remember, that his own pain has been light, compared to that of the writer. Poetic pleasures, like other enjoyments, are in their nature fickle. The floating image, though fondly courted, often eludes the embrace. The author has been obliged to rely on his own judgment, when it was fitting, and when not, to ease the rein, that controls the imagination, in those wanton excursions, to which it is inclined : But, whether his decisions in the matter have been judicious, the public, who are less liable to mistake, will determine. In the Saviour's sermon on the Mount, where invisible beauty appears in the simplicity, and perspicuity of
expressions

expression, all imagery is avoided, and a brief paraphrase attempted. Though crossing to a natural curiosity that prevails, yet the reader will pardon the anonymous manner, in which the poem comes into the world, and gratify the author's wish, to shun public notice, any farther than he is necessarily exposed by his calling. Should any merit be discovered in the work, he is content without the honor. And if otherwise, nature would choose to have it travel as it does, without an owner. However, be the fate of the following sheets as it may, if the christian is edified, and the Saviour honored, the end of the author is answered.





Argument of the first Book.

INTRODUCTION.—*The powers of darkness alarmed at the incarnation of the Saviour.—Satan calls his Council.—They meet in the upper part of the atmosphere.—Satan's address, and narration.—The broken Peer.—His crime.—The resentment of the Council applauded by Satan.—Reasonings of a succeeding Peer.—No fear of conquest argued from the necessity of contrast.—An assault upon Christ urged. His human body and spirit, fit objects of attack.—His arguments refuted by a succeeding speaker.—His philosophick abilities.—His enmity to the Divine character.—Private temptation recommended and carried.—Satan nominated and chosen.—His acceptance.—The Council dismissed.*



T H E
G O S P E L T R A G E D Y.

B O O K I.

THE COUNCIL.

YE Bards sublime, whose strength has borne the Muse,
Through unknown worlds, and fame immortal gain'd;
Pardon my bold attempt, with feebler wings
To soar, on subject great that's left by you.
O THOU, whose light in gloomy darkness shines,
My soul instruct, with measur'd lines to sing
God's Son in flesh; arm'd with a mighty cross,
His ensign grave, in gospel char'ot borne
O'er Hell triumphant. Death captive made,
And Satan bound in chains, the victor rose
By grant his Father gave, to reign supreme,
'Till mortal things shall close, then back resigns,

Amidst

Amidst rejoicing hosts, the given power,
That all in all, the eternal Sire might be.

On this vast theme, by sacred wisdom cast,
Lead heav'nly muse, and teach my song to show,
What madness dwells in spirits once divine.
Against God's Son, arm'd with his Father's power,
And all his glory clad, could Devils hope?
'Twas blindness first urg'd on by deep revenge
Th' attack began, then knowledge wrought despair,
Which to a Devil's mind, in mischief pleas'd,
Great vigour adds, when hope of conquest fails.

Time, like the Sun, increasing light diffus'd,
Age after age, disclos'd the plan divine,
Which terror spread through the dark world of Hell,
Satan alarm'd, a hasty mandate sent
To the four winds, where mighty chiefs control'd
His empire vast. Swift as the flight of thought,
The princely Demons met, in region high,
Where airy substance fails to check, or turn
The sun beam's course, and darkness fills the void.

There

THE COUNCIL.

There Hell's Supreme, within his spacious hall,
Rais'd on a lofty throne, address'd his peers.

Four thousand years, my lords, have slowly pass'd,
Since from above, we took the gloomy way
That downward leads to death's eternal shades.
To rise like this, above misfortunes great,
Such mental greatness proves, as what our cause
To speedy aid, at present crisis calls.
Our views, like nature's face oft change their dress,
And like the tide, our passions ebb and flow.
When from the new made earth, and boasted Pair,
Successful I return'd, Hell struck the song,
God's image lost in man, a world our own.
I first, among my hosts, began to doubt
What course, their God would take to clear his threat,
High charg'd with death. One while he seem'd to dash,
Or, from its orbit hurl the pond'rous mass,
Eccentric stray'd, and to a comet turn'd.
Then chang'd my views, he seem'd its laws to guard,
To feed a race, for Hell design'd, with us.

Unsettled.

Unsettled thus, and buried deep in thought,
 If hap might show what course the curse would take,
 I heard, or seem'd to hear the promise made,
The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head.
 Some way is found, by which the fallen pair
 Have fled the curse ; and thousands since have gone
 Oft times in crouds, to fill our vacant seats,
 Is this that justice strict, that fell on us,
 That sacred truth, with no reserve, which said
 (All Heaven heard) *The soul that sins shall die ?*

To search the plan, I made my way to earth;
 Unseen was join'd to holy men of old,
 On lips of prophets hung, when they reveal'd
 To men condemn'd, their messages of grace.
 In schools with prophet's sons, I foremost rank'd,
 Strongest in faith, in scripture science first.
 The fruit of this research, was doubts exchang'd
 For light and knowledge clear, more painful still,
 Lo, here I saw, a personage to rise
Of mighty pow'r, begotten from above;

To them a friend, to us a mortal foe.
More skill'd than those who taught, I learn'd the time,
When God in flesh of woman made should come.
The place I mark'd, and to the stable went
When he was born ; saw in a manger laid
The infant feed, in outward dress forlorn,
Yet inward shone with majesty divine.
While earth was hush, all Heaven in motion seem'd,
Bound on some great affair as yet unknown ;
Angels on cheerful wing borne from above
In mighty hosts, led on by Cherubim,
With Seraphim in rear, to earth descend
In orbit vast ; and as they circling flew
An anthem sung, in Heaven newly taught,
Since learn'd by men on earth—Glory to God,
To God, who reigns on Heaven's lofty throne.
There's peace on earth, good will to men reveal'd.
Thus sang the heavenly Bards—Joy to the world—
But omens dark, their song convey'd to me.
The child I watch'd, as growing years advanc'd,
Heard ev'ry word, and ev'ry action weigh'd,

Myself

Myself to teach, if this be he, or not,
In prophecy foretold, if he, then who,
And what his errand next could be in flesh.
The object sought, I found, hard fruit of toil,
If never found, our pain had lighter been.
'Tis he, ye chiefs, when strength of angels fail'd,
That level'd death through our intrepid hosts,
Hurl'd from above, in lake beneath to burn.
In aspect how unlike ? then God unveil'd,
In awful terror cloth'd : But now conceal'd,
In body made of flesh, with spir't human,
Two wills distinct, in person one confin'd.
Strange compound this, in cloudy darkness hid
To Cherubim on high, who ply the maze :
But drown in thought, with bended knee adore,
Veil'd let the knowledge lie, deny'd to all
But the omniscient mind ; still have I found
What more concerns our cause his great design
In coming thus, with human flesh disguis'd.
'Tis to rebuild a world unmade by us,
Replace the parts disjoin'd, by laws of grace,

Which

THE COUNCIL.

29

Which firm as his decrees, no more can change ;
Himself the central point that binds the whole,
Not skill divine, could lay a deeper plan,
To raise our mortal foe, increase his power,
More art to show, and higher glory win,
By conqu'ring death, than giving life at first.
On this broad base, are saints and angels plac'd
In safety fix'd, beyond our reach to harm.
Well overlook'd, is left without to groan,
Beneath insatiate rage, and justice strict.
Angelic nature, he has not assum'd
Is to befriend : But Godhead joins to one
That's far beneath—to human—Man to save,
And us torment the more, in saving him.
A plan so partial, with derision fraught,
My soul inflames ; can you the insult brook,
And tamely cringe to such immortal shame ?
Where's now that noble pride, that once despis'd
Subjection mean---that led in front of hosts,
The pow'rs above to meet on martial ground,
In doubtful war resolv'd your all to risque,

And lordship win, or else in Hell be free?

Thus Satan spake; and while the plan reveal'd,
His chiefs attentive sat, so lost in maze,
That speaking still he seem'd, though long had clos'd.
To self return'd at length, from flight of thought,
And bold excursion on the plan divine,
One next the prince uprose, and thus began.
My lord, high monarch of the realms of night,
Whose sceptre two extensive worlds obey;
Wide your domain, and wider still your praise,
Your name, your glory, for achievements bold,
Shall fresh in mem'ry live, when all things die.
No secret plan above, can long lie hid
From knowledge so profound, as now display'd.
How quick, and with what ease, through ages past,
And ages long to come, your speech has rov'd,
And scheme perplex'd, to system nice reduc'd?
Yet not all new to me—our efforts cross'd
Long since I've seen, and sting of anguish felt,
To find the level'd blow, by skill divine

Back turn'd on us. 'Tis shame, with awkward hand,

So far to miss a foe, as self to wound.

When from the babe, that in a manger lay,

You first arriv'd ; to privy counsel call'd

I met my prince : There with your royal seal

I honor'd was, with high and hard command

To Herod's court ; to take the infant's life

And scheme defeat. Faithful in trust repos'd,

I soon approach'd his throne, his mind survey'd

To find what rul'd the man ; there pride I saw,

And high ambition reign, while under feet,

From reason stray'd, his nobler passions lay.

Thus selfprepar'd, I cast the tempting bait,

Which quick he gorg'd, and quicker back disgorg'd,

In jealous fears that inward torment bred.

Bethlehem's babe appear'd the rival king :

Nor way of selfdefence, but in his death.

My joy was flush'd, when eastern fages came

With treasures rich, to seek the Heav'nly child.

Call'd to the prince, they took his royal charge,

That soon as found, the tidings should return.

To lead the king, that he might worship too.
Kind work'd the plan, and every measure smil'd
With sure success ; when from an higher court
Fresh orders came, that warn'd the Sages thence,
And child convey'd into a foreign land.
My flush of joy, I soon in anguish lost :
Yet without spoils, resolv'd not to return.
In rage, I turn'd, with rage I fir'd the prince,
Bent on revenge, we plan'd the bloody scene,
That Heav'n alarm'd, and Rachel's tomb disturb'd.
The dying groans of babes, torn from the breast
Of mothers fond, with parents' louder shrieks,
To all but Devils ear, sad discord made.
To me it pleasure gave, 'till soon I saw
My track was cross'd, and prophecy fulfill'd.
Thus, fail'd in each attempt, from first revolt,
The scorn of Heav'n we stand, with nothing gain'd,
But deeper woe, and hotter Hell within.
With Heav'n's fix'd law, my will in this agrees,
No peace to make, my soul the thought disdains :
Nor less would fly the shame, to stand the scorn

Of vaunting hosts above, by self defeat.
 My council is, to shun the two extremes,
 No peace to make, nor war offensive wage.

This scarce was spoke, nor speech as yet was clos'd,
 When flaming rage not longer pent within,
 Like Etna's lab'ring mount, with horror burst.
 With hiss, and hid'ous yell, they round him fly,
 Ambitious, which the deeper wound might give ;
 'Till mangled fore, and of all glory strip'd,
 Him headlong hurl'd, with common fiends to burn,
 Hard contest this, himself defended long,
 'Till overcome by force, reluctant fell.
 Thus, in the sky, the met'or lighted up,
 First slowly starts, then quicker motion gains,
 With fiercer blaze to middle line advanc'd,
 Decreasing then, in darkness soon is lost.
 Or, as the ship on stocks, whose pond'rous weight
 No pow'r of motion dreads, but station keeps,
 'Till underneath, the workmen ply the wedge ;
 When by alternate blows, her blocks are cleft,
She moves, she glides, and in the deep is plung'd.

Thus fell the mighty chief, next the Supreme,
 From pardon shut, to scorn eternal doom'd.
 The muse declines the task, or knows not how
 To paint the horrid scene, when Devils join,
 On culprit sad, to pour indignant rage.
 The pow'r by Satan claim'd, could scarcely quell
 The tumult fierce, and back to order call,
 Which soon as done, he thus address'd his peers,
 By help of nature's laws, I oft have seen
 Events before their birth : But this unseen,
 For reason good, because without a clue.
 Nature, 'till now, has ever borne her own,
 Without one jar through orders infinite.
 The first exception known, has now been seen
 In that apostate vile, to whom I gave
 All but my crown. If saints had spoken thus,
 Or Angels pure, th' affront were easy borne,
 For nature this had been : But thou my friend,
 Mine equal too, in lot, and counsel join'd,
 In cause, and nature one, to thus advise,
Is treason high, 'tis crime of blackest hue,

Such

Such words from Devil's mouth, who ever heard?
Nor war offensive wage. My anger boils,
And at the sound renews, wretch curs'd by God,
By Devils doubly curs'd, with marks of shame,
To Hell's profoundest depth; where soon as comes
Another blast will meet, that back shall throw,
Then, back again we'll hurl the miscreant mean;
To thus vibrate, between offended pow'rs,
Shall be his fate, so long as Hell endures.
The penance light, too light, for crime so black,
But will, and pow'r, unequal contest hold,
'Tis said by those oppos'd, that greater good,
By Providence divine, from evil flows;
They triumph in the thought, nor dread defeat,
Should this be real, 'tis no exclusive claim;
We boast the like with them, from present scene
Your firmness in the cause, had not appear'd,
But from that demon curst, that now is doom'd
To shame, and torment new, without reprieve.
The spirit shown, in this surprising scene,
Your Monarch's faith, and highest praise has won.

THE GOSPEL TRAGEDY.

New pleasure springs from torture new contriv'd,
And vigour more, from loss of one is gain'd :
Thus good from evil drawn, we boast with them,
But, whether fled ye chiefs, in passion lost,
Borne far astray, from object first design'd ?
'Tis time we now return, in cooler thought
To council great, that more than one concerns.
An Empire vast, as Heav'n above can boast,
In doubtful scale, on present crisis hangs
No time before, since I your sceptre held,
Has danger urg'd like this : Black omens threat
The public weal ; Erebus calls for aid ;
To you, from shades beneath I hear her cry,
Be first in counsel wise then brave in arms.
Thus Satan clos'd, and signal gave to speak ;
When he began, who next the fallen stood.
My prince, and fellow peers, o'er kingdom great,
A different cause, from what has been express'd,
Has pain'd me long, with strong desire to speak,
Such marks of deep concern, as now display'd
In counsel so august, creates surprise.

THE COUNCIL.

15

By reason taught, and nature for my guide,
I fearless stand, and pow'rs above defy.
Contrast, is made the clue to nature's laws,
And, from the glass of wide extremes, we see
What all things are ; by this their essence learn.
As night gives day, so day gives night their hue,
And pleasure pain, and pain in pleasure ends ;
Thus, evil good, and good the evil show.
On such extremes, are fix'd, all that exists ;
So plac'd by God, that one the other paints.
If Hell were not, Heav'n must in darkness lie,
With lustre veil'd, and happiness eclips'd.
Hence, fancy'd dread, mere phantom of the mind,
Has made this great alarm. 'Tis urg'd by those
Whose reas'ning stands oppos'd—though Hell be form'd
A mirror, to reflect Heavn's brighter shades,
Yet conquer'd we may be, chain'd in its vault.
How conquer'd, let them show, if but our will
And union firm, as now, remain unchang'd ?
No chains, no prison bar'd, can these subdue :
Nor opposition cure, to laws divine.

Could

THE GOSPEL TRAGEDY;

Could this be done, your fear would then be just;
If back to good, our nature might convert,
O fearful thought ! conquest might then be gain'd,
But fix'd by the decree, just what we are,
God first must change himself, to conquer us.
Devils we are, and Devils shall remain,
A match for sovereign grace—to mischief bent,
With will unconquer'd, if in act restrain'd.
To exercise this will, is our delight,
The object sought at first, and long pursu'd;
Until the prize obtain'd, by Heav'n's decree
Sets us on basis sure, as God himself.

On nature's laws, enough is said to show
Our kingdom safe. To subject new I turn—
The cause of great alarm—a Saviour born,
To men a friend, to us a mortal foe.
When first the news arriv'd, I stood compos'd
'Till universal dread had veil'd our world ;
As when the northern cloud, in summer's heat,
With hail, and light'ning fraught, o'erspreads the globe.

All creatures haste before the volli'd shower,
Each to his cell ; the sickle drop'd in haste,
The reaper flies, where first his eye beholds
The neighb'ring jest, or den, there trembling sits
To see, and hear, all nature round convuls'd.
When dread like this, had seis'd the hosts beneath,
It gave me swifter wings—to earth I flew
To search the cause myself, if just, or not.
Sev'n days, as men count time, I watch'd the Christ,
Walk'd, when he walk'd, and when he spake I heard,
And when at meat, was in the spaniel hid,
That lick'd the crumbs, which from the table fell,
From such research, I with my prince agree,
The son of God is come ; yet must demur,
That hence can rise, such cause for great alarm.
Though, Godhead there exists, 'tis yet in flesh,
Of mortal birth, by human spir't mov'd,
Fit objects of attack—dispel your fears,
And on the new born king, let millions rush
When guards are thine'st seen, and from the earth
Him headlong drive, with body left behind.

He ceas'd, and smiling, sat with looks compos'd,
And like composure spread, with ray of hope
On Devil's brow, where gloom and horror dwell,

Such intervals of ease apostates find,
Not to give rest, nor sheath their keen despair :
But that returning pain may deeper wound.

Soon, from the adverse seat, one slowly rose,
Whose solemn mien disclos'd concern within,
Th' effect of close research, and stronger pow'rs :
Not mov'd with past harrangue, he gravely spoke.
Part'ners in woe, what means this flush of joy,
And flash of hope, in spirits doom'd to pain,
Where fled your fear, and whence this sudden change
If caus'd by light and truth, indulge the cheer :
But shifting thus, from low, to high extremes,
On airy passions borne, to reason lost,
Ill suits an heav'nly birth, or mind that's great.
Long school'd in Hell, I've better learn'd my lot,
Than change to show, if inward change I feel.
Compos'd, I meet the volli'd show'rs above,

Nor cringe, when streams of melting wrath descend.
Almighty God from me no groan shall hear,
When on my head, his heav'est curses fall :
Nor smile shall ever see, for less'ning pain.
I scorn to act the child, myself to shame,
And foe to gratify—inur'd to pain,
No hotter flames I fear, nor milder hope.
I know the God I hate, in glory dress'd,
With vengeance arm'd, and knowing, hate the more.
Fix'd in his plan, who can his will resist ?
Just, what we are, his counsel foreordain'd.
Ere we began, his purpose did exist,
That early brought us forth, destin'd to pain,
By which his wrath, and sovereign pow'r are shown,
To serve this end, we feed the livid flames,
That round us curl, and smoke of torment breathe
In clouds ascending high, from lake below.
In chains of darkness bound, by the decree,
We ever live, eternal death to bear.
From pow'r of will they fain would urge him just,
And on us cast the blame of all this woe.

Who made this will, with boasted pow'r to act,
And what could pow'r do, beyond its giv'n strength?
Just what in nature made, the act disclos'd.
Easy it was more pow'r to give at first:
Nor harder to support, than to create.
The whole displays design—all this God knew
Ere time began, and knowing must decree,
And when decreed, no pow'r of will could change.
To bind, then doom him bound, to endless pain,
Is low for the Supreme, is he a God,
Who mocks the weak, and riots in their woe?
Ye Pow'rs above, behold the king you serve,
And cinge in worship low, I've burst his yoke,
And in my freedom joy—'tis easier far
To bear the tyrant's scourge, than bow with you.
But lost in mazes deep, from subject stray'd,
Transported where my soul abhors to dwell,
To matter in debate I now return.
To rush upon the Christ, as now advis'd,
Is reas'ning false, th' effect suppos'd must fail,
Tis without cause, by fancy only wrought.

Spir'ts, may spir'ts' wound, and bodies do the like,
But if this order change, no harm is done ;
• Unless, by acting first upon the foul,
By which the body moves, and this like us
Must be corrupt, or no access is gain'd.
'Tis so, we men possess, with poison'd minds,
In wild distraction driv'n, in search of death.
But here, 'tis hard, where innocence defends,
And with her coat of mail protects the soul,
The shaft to level so, as not to glance.
In all attacks, where martial skill appears,
The foe is study'd first, where lies his strength,
His nature what, and with what weapons arm'd;
Which, front, or rear, or flank, with bold assault
May better serve the end, or open siege,
Or ambush fly, may surer conquest give.
Our ill, or good success, in present war,
On manner much depends. How void of skill,
And to all prudence lost, must we appear,
Omnipotence to dare in open field,
And court defeat again, with mad assault ?

The Heav'ns above, once saw the rash attempt,
The scoffs we then endur'd, with bleeding wounds
That yet remain unheal'd, forbid the like.
'Tis urg'd, the human soul may be attack'd :
But, who has seen the Christ, and not beheld
His human nature dress'd, like Sinai's mount,
In glory bright—a fire consuming God ?
Open assault I hence dissuade, and urge
Some fly attack ; if haply in his mind
Defect can find a place, the day is ours,
God's plan is cross'd, and other means must try
To conquer us, and mend his ruin'd world.
I, here had clos'd, did not the cause require
Precaution great, in choice of one to push
The brave attempt—one, fam'd for slight of hand,
By practice taught—one, subtile for intrigue :
Or else of strength possess'd, if need should call,
To better bear repulse, and make retreat.
And whose address, or strength, can equal that
Which innocence defac'd, in the first head,

Or o'er the second, likl'er conquest gain ?
In rank, what fitter choice, when Prince of peace
From Heav'n is come, than Prince of Hell should meet—
Their skill, and strength to try, which holds the palm ?
He ceas'd, and plaudit gain'd from all around—
The suffrage full, the speaker's choice confirm'd.
The point was read'er gain'd, from secret hope
That each indulg'd, to shun the task himself,
And on his fellow throw the hazard great,
To face a foe, they dreaded more than Hell.

All rose, and silent stood, with wishful eyes
Turn'd on their Prince ; impatient for reply.
Then spake the royal Fiend, with short address,
That clos'd the lengthy scene. Ye Styg'an pow'rs,
Accept your Monarch's thanks, for wise advice,
And honors new confer'd. Ambition swells
My soul on conquest bent, is void of fear ;
Yet know the risque I run, nor blindly go
On doubtful enterprize : But without risque
In honor's road, what do we win that's great ?

This is the price, and glory cheaper gain'd
Has lost its worth, nor pleasure can afford.
My crown would illy fit, did I refuse,
Or, small reluctance show to hazard all,
When for support, my kingdom cries aloud.
Alone, I cheerful go to try my art,
Or, should this fail, with strength to ply the foe.
Meantime, to your respective clans return,
With double watch, protect the lines you guard,
Up to your natures act, let self appear,
For this leads on to fame, in ways diverse,
As diverse natures form existence wide.
Thus, God who reigns above, and goodness claims,
High glory wins, in acting goodness forth :
Nor less in praise of you, is mischief done.
Be Devils then and nobly prove your birth.

He spake, and signal gave for rapid flight,
When to the diff'rent points of broad expanse,
Each took his way, wrap'd in sulphur'ous flames,
Which kindling as they rose, stream'd where they led.

The

The Mariner, whose eye survey'd the stars,
And Shepherd, whom his flock did watch by night,
The earth illumin'd saw, with sudden flash
In sky serene, and rumbling thunder heard
With fore amaze, blind to the cause. Meanwhile,
The world securely slept, nor dreamt of harm.



Argument of the second Book.

SATAN left to his own reflections.---His soliloquy.---His reflection upon the unhappiness of his exalted station.---His prayer, and selfreproof.---His descent on the bank of Jordan.---Sees Christ coming to be baptised of John, surrounded with Heavenly guards.---Hides, and from a thicket is a spectator of the solemnity.---Murmurs that his guards prevent an attack upon equal ground.---Guards recalled.---Whilst Satan with his eye pursues their flight, the Saviour is driven by the spirit, into the wilderness.---Sight lost.---Pursued by his vestige.---Found at prayer in a vault.---The forty days temptation.---The succeeding morning beautiful.---The temptation of bread introduced in character of a stranger.---Manner of the saviour's being taken to the pinnacle.---Temptation there.---Manner of conveyance from thence to the mountain.---Glories of the world viewed there.---Satan finally repulsed.---Angels administer refreshment to Christ, and return him to his native land and friends.



T H E

GOSPEL TRAGEDY.

B O O K II.

THE TEMPTATION.

TO selfreflection left, the mighty chief
In pensive silence mus'd, disturb'd within ;
Ten thousand thoughts perplex his angry soul,
And cloud his way on ev'ry side with gloom.
As one, whom night, with tempest loud o'ertakes,
Caught in some bushy fen, stray'd from his road,
Who looks, at ev'ry flash, his way to find,
But soon as gone, a blacker night returns.
Thus trembling, sat the fiend, sunk deep in fear,
When round the hall, he cast his baleful eyes,
Where hundreds lately met to lend him aid :

But

But silence reign'd, no friendly voice was heard,
Nor arm was seen, to help the vast design.
With doubts, and fears o'erborne, he then at last
Himself address'd, and inward silence broke.
Hard task of mine, to meet the Prince above,
Before whom millions fled, on wings of speed,
Nor durst behind them look, 'till underneath
Hell's smoky pillars hid, they buried lay.
My peers with study'd art, have cast on me
The lot, which they (now fled) have gladly shun'd;
Shall I, without one aid, alone advance,
While they by craft, a safer Hell enjoy?
What could their monarch do, in choice so full?
To make excuse, or least reluctance show,
In Hell's Supreme, had been eternal shame.
Or now, to seek retreat without attempt,
Would deeper scandal fix, and sink my name
Beneath reproach, with crown and glory lost.
Had I been form'd at first in lower rank
To join the vulgar throng, this task on me,
Had never come, curst be the crown I wear,

And happy those, who far from honor's bait,
And of ambition free, in quiet rest.
O Sun, whose dazzling beams, shoot from the east,
Let clouds eclipse your light, with blackest storm,
And earth, in darkness wrapt, aid my design.
But, whence this chill of soul, is reason fled ?
Why start at danger, or can danger be,
When not expos'd to loss ; and how expos'd,
When all is gone, and nought remains to loose ?
Or can a diff'rent Hell, from this I bear
Invented be, by him who gives me pain ?
Though greater far, the thought can add no dread,
For torment chang'd, would respite sweet afford.

THIS said, in wild despair, from off his throne
He downward shot, in line direct to earth ;
As darts the lightning, from an angry cloud,
When thither turn'd its course, with mortal touch
To all that stand oppos'd. Thus, Satan came,
Not less in speed, nor less inflam'd with death.
'Twas on the bank of Jordan's ancient stream

The fiend alighted first ! nor sooner stop'd,
Than voice he heard, which from the desert cry'd,
Prepare the Lord his way, his paths make straight ;
One greater far than I, from Heav'n comes,
Who not with water, but with spirit seals
The cov'nant sure the world's almighty Friend.
Alarm'd at this, he turn'd to see who spake,
When lo ! the Saviour came to Jordan's stream,
With Heav'nly guards around, in front, in rear,
And on each flank, and thousands high in air.
Struck with new dread, at the advancing train,
The fiend concealment sought, but knew not where,
'Till chance he spy'd, the aquantick serpent lie
Self wound, in circli'ng folds, his head within
Laid on the inner coil, fit to receive
A second time the Devil, bent on death.
Rapid as thought, and easy as it flies,
In him he slid, from eager wish to hide,
And stronger hope, again to meet success.
Through ev'ry vein he flow'd, with motion touch'd
Each nerve, and scale, which evolution caus'd :

Crossing

Crossing his folds, the serpent slowly crawl'd
In line direct, where was a covert made
By reeds confus'dly bent, with raging storm.
There lay the fiend, and from the thicket peep'd,
While John with sacred awe baptiz'd the Christ.
He saw the dove descend, and on him light,
Conveying pow'r divine, with spirit pure,
Proportion'd to the work he undertook.
Then list'ning, heard the voice of God proclaim'd,
By angels swiftly borne down through the air,
This is my Son, of all, my best belov'd,
My glory bright, and image of myself.
Then, prostrate fell the guards, in homage low;
But Satan hid, in close concealment lay.

MEANWHILE, the God, whom unknown worlds obey,
Who, with a glance, all space surveys at once,
Saw Hell disturb'd, result of council heard,
High fraught with rage, at his anointed Son,
He saw, with unconcern, their movements great,
Their chief with guile prepar'd, to make attack,

Then, from the inner veil, that shades the light
 Too bright, too glorious for seraphic eye,
 Th' Almighty spake, and sov'reign will reveal'd.
 Celestial pow'rs, my first, and purest works,
 Whose faith, unshaken stood the mighty luk,
 That thousands crush'd, beneath the wrath divine.
 Still loyal ; yet unfix'd, but in my son,
 Whose errand now in flesh, is to repair
 The broken works of God ; your state confirm, *
 And save by grace, a world condemn'd to death.
 Some outlines of the plan, reveal'd to you,
 Were sent to earth, thence quick by spirits' soul
 Were borne to Hell, which greater tumult rais'd,
 And darkness thicker drew, o'er Satan's seat,

From

* To view no order of intelligences, but our own, interested in what Christ has done, and is still doing, comforts not with the sublime representation the scriptures give of the Saviour.—Though the Angels that continued in obedience, needed no atonement, yet they needed that confirmation in holiness, which was not given to the first constitution, under the laws of creation.—This is a property of the second, and a doctrine of great comfort to the holy, derived from the mediatorial government.—Christ is the centre to which the broken part of creation are gathered,—the perseverance of Saints, and the confirmation of Angels, originate from the same cause—it is in Christ they—Eph. 1—10. That in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him.

From council, high enrag'd, nor less confus'd,
Their chief has come, with fly attack prepar'd
To wound my son, and Heav'nly scheme defeat.
Behold, he lies on Jordan's bank conceal'd,
With horror struck, to see my guards around,
In dazzling glory dress'd, for his defence.
Against the Heav'ns, from whence this glory shines,
His curses rise: Nor less for cowardice
Blasphemes my son, to stand amidst his guards,
When he alone, on selfdefence presumes.
No more, shall Satan such investives cast,
Nor find pretence to slur the Prince of Peace,
Who not on borrow'd aid, but self relies,
To face the daring fiend. Uriel, go,
From thence remand my host, my son shall meet
The foe alone, alone shall honor'd stand.
Then, as the ray of light, darts from the sun,
The cherub flew, and down the mandate bore,
Where smiling nature gaz'd, to see God's son
Enter with sacred rites, on work divine.
Conscious of high command, the guards below

Saw him descend.—To whom the cherub spake.
I from before the throne, this edict bear—
Quick leave your trust, and join the hosts above,

ON airy pinions borne, they swiftly rise,
Nor skies, nor clouds, obstruct the rapid flight,
Pondering as they soar'd, the hidden cause,
That from the Saviour took his wonted guards.
Th' omniscient son his father's signal knew,
And joy express'd—the spirit join'd in will,
Him, far from human eye, with hasty steps
Into a desert led, where serpents dwell,
And beasts devouring haunt, in search of prey.

THERE lay a valley deep, whose shelving sides
The bushy laurel bore, and o'er whose top,
The deuser hemlock spread its shady boughs.
In this, the Saviour came, by spirit press'd,
Which not by measure, now was on him pour'd.
Fatigu'd, he sat amidst the shady dome,
Where melancholy reign'd, and where the owl
At mid-day, sadly screech'd her nightly song.

Here

Here shut from friendly voice, or human trace,
To Heav'n, with lifted hands, the Saviour pray'd ;
Conscious, that darker scene, and danger great
Would soon assail the cause, he undertook.

ASSENT a while in mind, the fiend remain'd,
With eye pursuing the angelic flight
'Till sight was lost ; then back return'd to self,
With piercing eye the other bank survey'd,
And glory hem'd around : But all was gone,
And whither fled the Christ, to him unknown.
Vex'd with himself, to lose the object fought,
He from the serpent flew, the river cross'd,
Then stroll'd the ground, where last he saw the Christ,
This way, and that he search'd, to find some trace
Of his retreat. Just as the hound in chase,
When track is lost, runs scenting to and fro,
Then circuits farther round, to find its course.
So Satan scour'd the bank, with flaming zeal,
'Till chance, he spy'd the mark of hasty steps,
That sudden flight betray'd : This courage gave,
When Jesus lately stood with guards inclos'd.

And on him urg'd pursuit without delay.
Swift borne on dusky wings, he cross'd the plain,
And desert search'd, with eyes intensely fix'd
Upon the trace, made by the Saviour's steps,
Which turning short its course, bore to the right,
And down the grotto led, gloomy as death,
Resort for ghosts, such place as Satan chose
For the assault. Here, came the spirit foul,
When met his ear, the voice of solemn pray'r.
He stop'd—he paus'd—and list'ning, heard the words.
Father I come, 'tis written in thy book,
To do thy will, protect thy Son in flesh;
I ask no guards : But inward strength to meet
Th' advancing foe ; who now from Hell is come
To cross thy will, and Heav'nly scheme defeat.
Remember now, th' eternal cov'nant made,
And save thy church in ages long to come.
Then shame shall sink the foe—the world rejoice—
And incense sweet, from off thine altars rise.
The plan, which Satan thought in secret laid,
Was now divulg'd ;—omniscience aw'd his soul—

His courage damp'd, and on new measures turn'd,
'Twas night, and nature slept, all but the wolf,
And fiercer beasts, that wait the evening shades
To seek their prey : These Satan call'd to aid,
And with malignant breath, he fill'd their lungs,
Which horrid discord made ; if hap pale fear,
The child of sin, might wound the Saviour's mind.
But nought disturb'd his soul with pleasure rov'd
Through future time, when crouds should joyful come,
From east, from west, from north, and south, to bring
Their offspring rich, and gospel temple throng ;
Captives of grace, and snatch'd from Satan's jaws,
They kiss the cross, and loud hosannas sing.
Here Jew and Gentile blend ; their int'rest one
All former hate, in christian love is lost.
He saw the building rise, the basis laid,
And roof ascending high to Heaven's arch ;
While earth it spread, far as the curse was found,
The vision cheer'd his soul, all fear expell'd,
And darkness lost its gloom, in joy divine.
Meantime, the fiend, with eye malicious saw.

The

The Saviour undisturb'd ; such looks serene,
 As inward joy express'd, amidst the yell
 Of savage hosts, rais'd by infernal breath.
 Thus foil'd, in first attempt, he chang'd the scene,
 And in the tyger flew, the fiercer beast,
 With brutal garb disguis'd, to make advance.
 The beast high charg'd, with more than native rage,
 (His hair erect, his tusks unsheath'd, and eyes
 Like flaming orbs in night) up growling came.
 Unaw'd, the Saviour sat, with rapture fill'd,
 Nor mov'd ought but his hand; with gentle stroke,
 Which soon as felt, egressive flew the fiend,
 The hinder way, from which ingress was made ;

Not able to support, the hand that strok'd.
 Harmless alike, the kind, though fierce, or mild,
 To him who made ; presage of better days,
 When wolf with friendly tongue, shall lick the lamb,
 The leopard nurse the kid, as though her own,
 And child with deadly asp, unhurt shall play.
 Twice twenty days, the fiend manœuvred thus,
In deep disguise. Sometimes ill boding birds,

Then

THE TEMPTATION.

43

Then beasts diverse in kind, were his machines.
 Then in the air, his boasted realm, convuls'd
 With hurricanes, and wildest storms, he sought
 The Saviour to annoy. Thrice with his blast,
 The sturdy trees above, that form'd the bow'r,
 He strove to rend, and bury all beneath;
 They bow'd their heads, and worship'd him below;
 Whose Pow'r securely held their roots in earth.
 Thrice from the raging clouds, with lightning streak'd,
 He pour'd a showery flood, to float him thence:
 But on the shelving cliffs, the Saviour clomb,
 Where seated safe, the torrent foam'd beneath.

THEN tir'd* with fruitless toil, the fiend came down
 From off his airy throne, and tempest ceas'd.
 The gentle breeze of morn, had clear'd the sky,
 And sun, had ting'd the hills with golden hue,
 All nature smil'd, in rad'ant beauty clad:

As

*We have no account of what passed between our Lord and the Tempter, during the forty days.—It is after these were ended, that the three last assaults were made; doubtless mentioned by the Evangelists, as being the most subtle and violent.—What passed before, is left to the poet's imagination, which may be lawfully indulged, provided nothing unscriptural, or unscriptural be introduced.—Of this the reader has a right of judging for himself.

(As now confess'd) that ev'ry want supplies ?
 'Tis not on bread alone, that man depends :
 But on that word, which gives the food its pow'r,
 To nourish life. This with, or without bread,
 Can we support ; as Moses in the mount
 Was forty days, without the taste of food :
 Nor less, Elijah, when he cross'd this waste,
 If I have pow'r to turn these stones to bread,
 The use is needless now. I feel no want,
 Nor fear neglect from him, who brought me here.
 'Tis only then I work, when he commands,
 Whose honour fires my soul, on duty bent ;
 Not to be mov'd by art, or pow'r of thine.

REPULS'D, but not dismay'd, the daring Fiend
 To other measures turn'd, in plan first laid,
 Should these abortive prove. Upon the left,
 Nigh where the scene was held, and where the mount
 With shelving cliffs, had form'd the vale beneath ;
 A cavern great in solid rock was dug,
 Such as the Punie chief, who cross'd the Alps,

Could not through life have wrought with all his hosts,
Yet quick by Devils done.—Here the pent air
By Satan fast enclos'd, with rumbling sound
Roll'd round the vault, then raging boil'd aloft
To find a vent.—A porter kept the gate,
With key in charge, who open'd wide, or shut,
When orders came. To whom the prince of hell
Stern signal gave, and winds came rushing forth,
The north and south, each to its point inclin'd,
Which form'd a whirl, and up the grotto swept,
And in the vortex caught them both ; up borne
O'er tallest trees, and mountains taller still,
Then valleys deep intrench'd, an airy road,
Which led in line direct to Zion's hill.
There, ceas'd the gale, and gently cas'd them down,
(As seem'd by chance) upon the battlement
Rais'd high aloft, above the house of God.
The city wide, in fairest prospect lay,
The golden turrets underneath their eye ;
The streets like alleys seem'd, with people throng'd
To different objects led, this way, and that,

50 THE GOSPEL TRAGEDY.

Like dwarfs in size, like snails they slowly mov'd.

Silent awhile ;—then Satan thus began.

In such a place of dearth, how caught at first,

And by what magic pow'r through ether hurl'd,

To me was strange : But here the secret ends ;

I see the cause, and know the pow'r divine.

Nations at peace,* with expectation wait

The promis'd son of God. The world in pain

Has travail'd long, her months are now expir'd,

The birth is nois'd abroad, no cottage where

The fame has not approach'd. All things prepar'd,

There's naught remains, to fill the world with joy,

Thyself with glory crown, but proof divine.}]

And where for such display, is fitter stage,

Than on the hill, and from the house of God ?

For this design, on wings of mighty winds,

Through airy regions borne, we hither come.

From this high loft, now cast thyself amidst

T

* About this season, especially a little before, was a time of universal peace among the contending nations.—The temple of Janus was shut the year that our Lord was born ; which was a known cymbal of peace through the Roman empire.—Matters were thus adjusted in Providence peculiarly suited to usher in the birth of him, who is the prince of peace ; and put the world in a situation to attend to his message.

The gazing crouds beneath, no harm shall come,
The pow'r that brought thee here, shall still uphold.
For, in thy father's book, I find it pen'd ;
His angels he shall charge, that in their hands
They safely bear thee up, lest by mishap,
Thy sliding foot, should dash against the stone.

THEN in reply, the Saviour spoke with zeal.
All foils produce their own ; the rush in mire
Luxur'ant thrives, without the cult'ring hand.
'Tis vain to look for truth, where falsehood breeds,
And in its proper soil spontan'ous grows.
How strange, if hellish tongue, with heart sincere,
Should heav'nly truth pronounce ; or scripture use
Not tortur'd to its end ? I know the pow'r
That bore me here, held by a mighty chain,
In narrow bounds, o'er which it cannot break.
The text produc'd, to me is fully known ;
Now part express'd,* and wholly misapply'd :
And from those sacred truths can answer give,

Not

* The reader, by attending to the clause omitted in the quotation, will discover the subtilty of satan's address.

Not fraught with guile, and better much apply'd—
 'Thou shalt not tempt thy God ; but him adore.
 Baffled again by force of truth, the fiend
 With malice burn'd ; as when some min'ral vault,
 Or deep volcano, charg'd with smoky flames
 By sulphur fed, groans loud to give them vent.
 Thus, deep within his heart, Satan suppress'd
 His wrath indignant ; conscious of giv'n pow'r,
 If not to hurt, yet to afflict the Christ.
 Nor longer did he strive, himself to hide :
 But spread those wings, which buoy'd the Saviour up
 From off the lofty height, where late he stood,
 Rais'd higher still, to take departure thence ;
 Wrapt in an airy globe, which held his frame,
 And life preserv'd in rapid motion borne.
 For still, in Satan's plan, remain'd untri'd
 One effort more, ill judg'd, yet last resort—
 To tempt a Heavenly mind, with earthly charms.
 An eastern route he took, in line direct
 Toward Persia's land, not far from which there stood
 A mountain high, whose midway often cleft,

he flying cloud in twain ;—the parts disjoin'd
curve round the hill, and blend the other side.
On this bleak summit, Satan set the Christ,
Where landscapes charming lay, beneath his eye.
In front, appear'd a plain of vast extent,
Where gentle streams meand'ring sweetly, flow'd.
And where, the scatter'd herds, in quiet graz'd.
Here fed the ox, and there the fleecy sheep,
While lambs in sportive chace, skip'd o'er the green.
On right, and left, compacted towns were seen,
And cities great, on which the morning sun
Just risen shone, whose beams reflected, bore
Ten thousand charms, that quiver'd on the eye.
Great Babylon, with Nineveh, and Rome,
Though distant far, in vision nigh were brought.
The glories of the world—all that were real,
And more by Satan drawn, in colours false,
Danced on sense, the mirror of the mind,
And beauties form'd—the world's delusive cheat.

WHEN Satan's pow'r in optick charms was spent,
These glories so arrang'd as most to strike,
He thus address'd the Christ. First born of God, ~
By birth and merit, rais'd to eminence,
Above Angelick choirs, whose homage paid
Low at thy feet, proclaims thine honor great.

How first a spir't foul could enter spir'ts pure,
Or how such spirit be, before the lapse,
Tis hard to say. Remorse has stung my soul,
These ages past, while nature slowly mov'd
To bring the time, when I might make amends
To injur'd worth. I've wish'd the season come,
But fear'd I wish'd in vain, till the decree
Reveal'd the honor mine, to bear God's Son,
Where all that's great, and worthy of the mind,
Leaps into view, and offers to be thine.
Oft have I seen, in sacred writ describ'd,
Thy kingdom vast—a stone, not cut with hands,
But skill divine—into a mountain grown,
Whose pond'rous weight, shall other kingdoms crush.

'Tis

'Tis now the time.—Gall'd by the Roman yoke,
Your people wait, and all these glories court
Messiah's rule—the promis'd golden age.
Look on the right, what kingdoms rise to view,
And on the left; nor less in front appears,
All that can charm a prince, that's form'd to rule.
Of all these Monarchies, I Monarch am,
Long serv'd by free consent. Their laws compil'd,
And laws repeal'd, wait nothing but my seal.
Their wealth and honors mine, by sov'reign right;
Now thine, for pittance small: Nought but to own
This right, I ask,—and to the giver bow.
Cheap gotten pow'r, not to another given
At any price, only to Son of God,
Whose friendship now I seek—long since displeas'd,

Soon as the tempter ceas'd, the Saviour spake.
In one thus skill'd, in ancient prophecy,
Where Christ is taught, his portrait drawn at large,
'Tis strange to find a bait, so illy laid,
As what is offer'd now. No art can charm,
With tinsel'd gaudes, the eye of nature's God.

Men made of dust, your dusty things may lure :
But with the Mind, that weighs in even scales
All things that are, there's naught of worth disce
Admit, you bear the rule, as now you boast,
O'er all these kingdoms great, 'tis not by right,
'Tis tyranny usurp'd, permitted thus
By God who reigns above, that grace ere long,
In triumph bright may shine. And will you dar
On right like this to give, much less to him,
Whose all things are, and gratitude demands ?
Will he that's rob'd, to robber give his thanks,
Though trespass be repaid ? blush, giver blush :
For ne'er 'till now, did crimes like this exist.
Shall son of God, whom Heav'nly hosts adore,
Your horrid terms accept—his glory stain,
Before a Devil's shrine ? behind me get,
Foul fiend of Hell, nor farther urge your God.
Zeal kindling as he spake, the veil remov'd,
And majesty divine on Satan flash'd :
As when on Heaven's plane, in golden car,
O'er rebel hosts, triumphantly he rode.

Like terror seiz'd the fiend, and like retreat,
From glory bright he fought: Burning with rage,
And murm'ring as he fled, to shades beneath.
So flies the lighted shell, from mortar hurl'd,
Complaining as it goes through troubled air,
'Till at the destin'd goal, with horrid roar
Its crouded entrails burst. So Satan came,
Hell heard the loud alarm, and rush'd to arms.

MEANWHILE, the martial'd hosts of heaven flood,
And silent gaz'd, with eye intensely fix'd
On earth below, to see God's son in flesh,
With spirit foul engag'd. Now Satan fled—
The solemn silence broke, in concert sweet
Around the throne; and heav'nly guards descend,
To take the charge, from which they late were call'd.
Ten thousand times ten thousand, spread their wings,
And through the Heavens fly, to aid the Christ,
Who fasting long, and long by Satan vex'd,
Had nature spent. Some raise his drooping head
Sunk on his breast, and ply the nasal tube,

With

With liquid fill'd, prefs'd from the tree of life,
That cheer'd his soul, and vigour new inspir'd.
A table others sat, o'erspread with food,
Not rich, but plain; and nourishing to life.
Some, while he fed, in heavenly musick join,
On cymbals sounding high, the victor's praise.
Glory to Son of God, incarnate born,
Triumphant ris'n o'er all the pow'rs of death :
Peace to the world, good will to fallen man,
The foe is foil'd, and made retreat in Hell,

Thus thousands sang, while Christ himself refresh
Then wav'd those wings, which bore the conq'ror the
To his own land ; where many fought the Christ,
Not seen, since from above, on Jordan's bank,
The dove came down, and Father seal'd his Son.
What cause detain'd their prince, where held so long
Or whether left the world, he came to save,
They doubted much ; yea mourn'd the object lost,
Which rais'd their hopes, and thought the bubble bro
But now restor'd, with pow'r and spirit fill'd,
He met his friends, and joy met his return.

END OF BOOK II.



Argument of the third Book.

THE muse delights in friendship. Is pleased with nature, but more with Christ. Heroes indebted to fiction. Christ the greatest Hero. Way to happiness unchangeably the same. Christ's sermon on the mount. Natural evils the fruit of moral. Christ's pity moved. Diseases cured. The Apostles and seventy sent forth. Spies return to hell with news of the gospel success. Satan recovers from his plunge at the temptation. His address. His hosts sent forth. Their orders. The effect on earth. Conflict between these, and the missionaries of Christ. The latter defeated, in the instance of the lunatick. Christ's victory. The infernal host retires to mount Tabor. A different mode of attack planned and executed. The Legion. The herd of swine. Christ's conquest. Death and resurrection of Lazarus. Christ enters the city in triumph.



T H E
G O S P E L T R A G E D Y.

B O O K III.

THE MINISTRY.

FAR from intestine broils, and angry jars,
The Muse some place would find, where undisturb'd
The tuneful fancy plays, in pleasure sweet,
With images divine ;—where love unmix'd
Acts on those chords, which softer passions move,
By friendship urg'd, through nature wide she rov'd
To search the theme, that might such pleasure give,
Among these flow'rs oft stop'd the Muse to gaze ;—
Sweet change in nature's dress, her garb put on
Of colours multiform ;—the eye is pleas'd,
The mind delighted more, that freely roves
Through the luxuriant shades in contrast set,

To make her beauties strike, and stronger show
 The power and skill divine. No sameness cloy,
 But chang'd the scene, like notes in musick set
 Harmonick pleasure yield. Creatures deform'd,
 To nature's system join'd are comely parts;
 The work unfinish'd else would less delight,
 And less perfection show. Preserv'd distinct
 All nature acts itself, nor blend those kinds
 By heav'n forbid to join;—man, beast and bird,
 With charms of pleasure take what nature gives,
 And shudd'ring fly a metamorphos'd birth.
 Each has an art its own, by nature taught,
 That others cannot learn.—The Bee constructs
 Her thousand cells alike in shape and size,
 That baffle human skill. The chimney bird
 On nimble pinions borne flies o'er the bow'r,
 And dives the smoky dome: With sticks congeal
 By selftaught skill, she forms the coarser bed;
 And trains her tender brood. The tuneful lark
 More pleas'd with nature's dress, and artless char
Prefers a rural life. The mead her own,

She builds where choice directs; low on the turf
Beside the fern, she rounds the grassy cell,
And feeds her helpless young. The sylvan bird
In brightest scarlet rob'd, another taste,
And greater art displays. The flow'ry field—
The woodbine, have no charms—but sought the grove—
She builds her house, and hangs it on the spray—
With fine spun thread the outer texture wove,
With softer velvet lin'd. Pendent it waves
Before the wind, and braves the driving storm.
These pleas'd awhile, till Jesus rose to view,
And bade her sing. Since then no vacant hours,
Yet vacant all from life's corroding cares.

THE ancient bards, have mighty heroes sung,
And worthy deeds have grac'd the epic page,
Where lines harmonick read, have charm'd the world
To think the man a God. 'Tis fiction all,
The muse has done the deeds, and not the man.
Not so the one I sing, he only free
From human weakness, stands on sacred file,

With

With glory crown'd, not for destruction spread,
 Nor blood of thousands spilt, but Satan beat
 By force of truth, and driven back to hell.
 Greatest my hero then though less my song.

HAIL happy world ! if ought can happy make,
 Thy prince has come, with gospel flag in front,
 From conquest borne ; as once the prophet saw
 The heav'nly conq'ror march, from Edom's land,
 In strength his own, and robes of crimson dress'd.
 Thus, from the vanquish'd foe, the Saviour came,
 And enter'd on his work, to teach a world
 In darkness stray'd, far from the light of truth.
 One way to happiness was first ordain'd,
 And others cannot be.—The law on reason built
 Is still the same ; *the soul that sins shall die.*
 Death was the fruit of sin, in nature bred,
 Before the law was pass'd ; the penalty
 Rests not on sov'reign will, but on the cause,
 Which never can be chang'd. This law was lost
 In outward rites, by those ordain'd to teach.

Pleas'd with the pomp, and splendid show of forms,
 They overlook'd the heart, where only dwells
 That moral good, which happiness affords.
 To bring a ruin'd world, thus blind to truth,
 Averse to holiness, to see, and feel;
 That law demands are just, and then by faith,
 To lean on him, who is the end of law
 For righteousness, and life—was task indeed,
 Too great for all but him, whose eloquence
 Can reach the soul, and break the flinty heart.

Now fame had reus'd the world, with tidings fresh—
 The Christ is come, of whom the prophets spake,
 And thousands flock, by diff'rent motives led,
 To see, and hear, the messenger of God.
 A mount he chose, from which to urge that law,
 Which on a mount, with smoky pillars dress'd
 Was first proclaim'd ; not preach'd with terror now,
 But mix'd with grace in gentler accents fell
 Soft on the ear, and mark'd the happy man.

Bless'd are the poor, whose spirits feel their want,
 And feeling, seek a righteousness divine :
 For heav'n to them, by gospel grant is giv'n.
 Bless'd are the souls, that mourn their inward guilt :
 For comfort sweet, shall flow an endless stream.
 Bless'd are the meek, whose steady spirits bear
 The injuries of life : Nor envy feel,
 When others from the urn of Providence,
 Draw forth a better lot : But taste the good,
 As if their own. Such shall the world possess,
 And richer be, than those who hold the soil.
 Bless'd are the souls, that thirst for righteousness,
 Intensely hung'ring for the bread of life,
 As stomachs crave their meat, because 'tis good—
 Such round the heav'nly board, shall take their fill.
 Bless'd are the kind, whose hearts with pity seek
 To ease the woes, that burden human life :
 For they shall mercy find, in rich return.
 Bless'd are the pure in heart, who free from guile;
 In outward life, their inward thoughts express :
 For these with joy unmix'd, shall see their God.
and

Bless?

Bless'd are the men, when angry jars arise,
 That quench with gospel skill, the burning flame :
 For such on high are call'd the sons of God.
 Bless'd are the saints, that in the gospel cause
 Hard treatment meet, with scandal deep infix'd :
 For they in heav'n shall find a great reward.

BEHOLD the portrait of the happy man,
 'Tis in this law obey'd by heart sincere,
 Not perfect in itself, but in God's son,
 Whose righteousness fulfils its just demands.
 This is the end, for which I came in flesh :
 For heav'n and earth, may easier pass away,
 Than these demands relax. This law explain'd
 By teachers blind, in soul averse to law,
 Long since has lost its force. 'Tis said by them,
 That he who kills, the curse of law incurs :
 But he that hates, one creature God has made
 Without a cause (nor can that cause exist
 Where sin is not the mark) the law condemns.
 'Tis said by them, that marriage rights are pure,

None

None may approach the bed, that's not his own,
 To break the sacred bond : But he whose eyes
 Upon another's right, with lust is turn'd,
 In heart has done the crime, and stands condemn'd
 'Tis farther urg'd—thou shalt not falsely swear,
 But all thy vows, to God shall be perform'd ;
 I tell thee more, thou shalt not swear at all,
 By heav'n, nor earth, nor creature God has made :
 But all thy words, in common life shall pass,
 With yea, and nay, beyond the law condemns.
 By law, they say, revenge may be indulg'd,
 If wrong, with wrong is weigh'd—eye for an eye :
 But this is law their own, not law of God,
 Compil'd by heart corrupt. 'Tis breach of law
 To pay in such a coin, and better much,
 To take a second wrong, than give but one.
 To friends and neighbours, where desert is seen,
 They say our love is due, not to a foe :
 I tell you nay, for love is due to all,
 To those that seek your life, bless them that curse,
 And in your bosom bear, bear to the feat

Where mercy dwells, the wretch that does you wrong.
If to be seen of men, your alms be giv'n,
You have the object fought—a fit return :
But heav'n's reward is lost. In secret give
To lab'ring hearts relief, in secret pray,
Then God, who sees the secret spring of heart,
From which the duty flows, shall crown the deed.
Seek not a treasure here, where all things fade,
And cross your fond desire : But where it lasts
In heav'n above, immortal as the soul ;
For heart and treasure, ne'er can be disjoin'd.
Two masters none can serve, where int'rests clash,
The trial's vain, God or the world has all.
Then let no anxious care, in present life,
Your peace disturb ; for God who clothes the grass,
And lilies of the field, with rich attire,
Without such care, can all your wants supply.
Be not in haste to judge, nor quick condemn,
Lest self condemn'd, you fall in snare your own :
For by the rule, you gauge another's fault,
Your own shall be adjudg'd. Ask with desire,

And

98 THE GOSPEL TRAGEDY.

And heart sincere, by word of God inform'd,
Then all you ask, is yours. Strait is the gate
That leads to life, and those that enter in,
Must first cast off their load, or be deny'd :
But broad the way, and from incumb'rance free,
That leads to death, and many stroll the road.

Thus is the light of truth, in law reveal'd
Long hid from human sight, by teachers false,
Now risen shines, like as the morning sun,
With lustre new, on a benighted world.
Bless'd is the man, whose heart prepar'd by grace,
Receives the word I preach ; sure stands his hope,
Nor can temptations sap the solid base.
So stands the building safe fix'd on a rock,
Though raging winds, and stormy blasts assault.

Thus spake the Christ, and from the mount came do
Which God prepar'd of old for sacred use,
And thousands croud his steps, fill'd with surprise,
To hear the sacred truths, his lips pronounc'd.
Deep lay the wound, By the first Adam made,

Guilt stung the soul, ten thousand pains inbred
Of diff'rent kinds, seiz'd on the human frame.
All nature groan'd : Nor could relief be found,
Until God's son the second Adam came,
From heaven sent, to cure th' effects of sin.

THE mind now ply'd with truth, the body next,
In whose putrescent state, luxur'ant grew
The seeds of wasting death, his pity mov'd.
He heard the moans, which pining nature made,
Press'd with the curse, that nat'ral evils bred :
But no physician saw—then wav'd the hand,
That held the balm of life—creation smil'd,
And all diseases own'd the skill divine.
The fever's parching heat, cool'd at his touch—
The leper shut without, was now return'd,
With flesh and heart, soft as the infant child,
And join'd in sacred rites, the temple throng.
The blind receiv'd their sight, the deaf and dumb,
In worship meet, to use the organs new,
Made by his skilful hand. The halt and lame,

Whole

Whose members long refus'd their aid to life,
Chain'd down to fullen rest, leap'd forth with joy.

Four hundred years, since the last prophet spake
Had now claps'd, and rumour far was spread,
The greatest now had come. From east to west,
From north and south, o'er all th' adjacent land,
They flock with sick in arms, to seek the Christ;
'Till the increasing croud obscur'd the sight,
And fenc'd the pain'd without, shut from relief.
With pity mov'd, 'twas then the Saviour sent
His twelve apostles forth, then sev'nty more,
With skill to preach the gospel, new reveal'd,
And pow'r to hush the groans, that nature made.
While thus God's son, with truth and meekness clad
In gospel cause triumph'd, the pow'rs of hell,
In wild confusion, crowd thick round their prince,
Who groaning prostrate lay, hurl'd swift from earth.
Not risen yet, from his deep plunge in hell.
Frantick with rage, and heart with anguish stung,
The fiend now starts erect, then falling prone,

Str

Strikes wide, a diff'rent place, from whence he rose,
Just as the hart, that in the forest meets
The missile lead, pierc'd near the seat of life,
Quick falls--quick upward springs--then bounds each way
In agonies of death, till breath is lost.
So Satan rav'd, amidst his gazing hosts,
Deep struck with fear, to see his sore defeat,
Alarm'd still more, by spies which then return'd
With tidings fresh, brought from the fallen world ;
That Jesus reign'd ;—the gospel standard rais'd
Drew all around. His sermon on the mount,
His healing touch, to all disorders felt,
With mission large to preach, the body heal,
And from the spirit drive foul demons back,
To regions whence they came, they loud relate.
This soon as heard, the Devil reassum'd
His former strength, as if by skill his own,
And thus address'd his hosts. Ye pow'rs of hell,
(If titles great, become such timid minds)
What means the languid mien, with weapons trail'd,
That I behold ? Has fear my kingdom seiz'd,

And took command of hell's immortal bands ?
 The truly brave are ne'er disgrac'd with fear,
 Though prospects fail, and fortune prove adverse ;
 They rise above repulse, in strong belief
 The balance soon may turn. War is a game,
 And those that play, with steadiness must stand,
 For loss, or gain prepar'd. The scale oft turns
 With unexpected poise, and all things shift,
 Except the noble mind, that meets unaw'd
 The clash of nature's laws : Firm as the rock,
 That, in the ocean rears its dusky head,
 Looks o'er the deep, and scorns the angry surge.
 Shall millions flee, when only one is foil'd,
 Give triumph to the foe, and brand with shame
 Th' intrepid hosts of hell ? There is no fear.
 'Twas small repulse—my kingdom feels no shock—
 Resume your martial plight---let thousands meet
 Those preachers sent, and with distraction fit
 The minds of men, for gospel news they bring.
 Deep enter those you take, the captives hold,
Then laurels rich, when you return, shall crown

The warlike feat. Thus spake the fiend, and ceas'd,
All hell, with loud applause, approv'd the plan;
And joy express'd to see their prince arise.
Buoy'd on th' ascending flames, the squadrons rise,
And make their way to earth, led by a chief,
Whose strength surpass'd them all. Earth felt the wound,
And groans of men arise. Some leap in fire,
And some in water plunge, frantick with rage---
To reason lost---headlong by Devils led.
Some mutely sit, and some flee social life,
For desert hills, and regions of the dead,
Whom none could tame, nor chains of iron bind.
Such horrors mark'd the road those preachers trod,
Fenc'd up on every side, with hellish craft.

THEN pow'r to pow'r oppos'd the warriors meet,
Devils and men, in conflict closely join'd,
The former strive to hold the minds possess'd,
To dispossess, the latter ply their strength.
Th' assailants' pow'r was drawn from Christ alone,
Whose name, as soon as call'd o'er the possess'd,
The Devils make retreat, and others take,

Then

Then dispossess'd again, new objects seek :
Nor longer hold their prey, than these advance
With gospel flag in front. Meanwhile, their chief
Who strove in rear, to keep his squadrons up,
With indignation burn'd, at their retreat :
Not having pow'r to hold the flame within,
He gave it rapid vent, in words severe,
On his retiring hosts. Are these the feats,
You came from hell to shew, in field of fame,
Where laurels crown the brave ? Where would you
Where make retreat, fill'd with eternal shame ?
Behind me quick retire, stand still in rear,
I'll front the foe alone. Then, as the fire
From the electrick tube, the demon flies
To object fit, one lunatick before,
Now charg'd with hellish rage. Prone falls the youth
Struck deaf and dumb, convuls'd through all his frame
To whom the victor's came, flush'd with success,
Whose strength of faith, through secret pride had fail'd
Unknown—ill boding hour—for shame prepar'd :
Like Isr'el's hero once, whose locks were shorn,

They strive in vain, and speak the name of Christ
O'er the distress'd, and louder call his aid,
Then by his grace adjure the demon thence.
Yet no relief : But more convuls'd, the youth
Rais'd louder cry, sore press'd by dev'lish pow'r,
That held him bound, and his physicians mock'd ;
Who speechless stood, amidst th' insulting crowd,
Deem'd more insane than he, that needed cure.

'Twas now, the Christ came down from off the mount,
Where glory pure, his earthly figure chang'd
To form divine, in heav'nly colours dress'd,
Too bright for mortal eye to look upon.
He made his course direct, where stood his chiefs,
As Moses to the camp, from Sinai's top,
And found (like him) their glory turn'd to shame.
The trembling demon saw God's son advance,
Resolv'd to hold his prey ; or if compel'd
To make retreat, to snatch the soul possess'd
From human life, and hurl it down to hell.
First to the Scribes who stood on Satan's side

THE GOSPEL TRAGEDY.

The Saviour spake ; then to the demon turn'd
With sharp rebuke.—He fled at first command,
Seiz'd fast upon the soul of him possess'd,
Nigh borne away, and soon had made his own,
Had not the Christ, reach'd forth the mighty hand;
That holds the thread, and bid the soul again
Reanimate the clay, which lifeless seem'd.

THE demon then, with all his hosts, retir'd
To Tabor's mount, where Christ in glory shone ;
To other purpose us'd, than late assign'd.
So devils take the ground, and oft the heart
With guile possess, ordain'd to sacred use.
Here long demur'd the chiefs, in counsel great,
And with discordant views what measure next
Would likely give success ; some urge retreat,
And some cry loud advance, divided much,
'Till one arose, and thus harrangu'd the court.
I in reserve have stood, through all the scene,
And from an eminence, in prospect full
Have seen the mad defeat. The want of plan

THE MINISTRY.

79

Has sham'd the brave, and all this mischief wrought,
Our strength in cohort join'd has ne'er been tri'd,
The pow'r of one, at once, has only fail'd
Before th' advancing foe ; as if such space
A spirit's bulk requir'd, that more than one
Of all our hosts, could not a man possess.
Let now a corps renown'd for war advance
Nor lines extend beyond a single man,
Him soul and body take, throughout possess'd,
In ev'ry mental pow'r and nervous tube,
Whose subtile fluid links the broad extremes.
Of flesh and mind, in their mysterious bond.
Thus multipli'd the strength in narrow bounds,
And by one will control'd, must check the foe.
In proud career, and promise sure success.
This scheme divulg'd, rais'd loud applause from all,
And full commission gain'd, with chosen corps
Drawn from the whole, to execute the plan.
Thoughtless of harm, amidst the social crowd,
The destin'd victim sat in converse sweet,
When lo ! the Devils rush'd into the man,

7

THE GOSPEL TRAGEDY.

A legion full, each to his part assign'd.
 Their chief his station took, just where the nerves,
 From the whole vital mass, in centre meet,
 And keen sensation give. Here seated proud,
 He gave his stern commands, and all obey.
 Quick from his seat, in phrenzy sprung the man—
 His gesture wild—his aspect threaten'd death
 Without reserve, to friends and foes alike.
 The cries of reason fail'd, nor human strength
 With help of iron bands, could him confine.
 Headlong he rush'd, from the affrighted crowd ;
 As when the stag, by an unskilful blow
 With fractur'd skull, breaks from the slayer's hand
 Not fearing ought, the wounded victim raves
 This way, or that, as chance directs the course,
 Nor meets repulse—all give the ground in haste,
 And fly with dread, to shun the mad career.
 So fled the man possess'd into the wilds,
 Among the tombs, where deathly silence reigns :
 Sequester'd far from all the sweets of life,
 To dwell with savage beasts, (more fierce than they

Whose melancholy howl, in silent night
Heard from the neighb'ring hill, affrights the ear,
And fills the mind with gloom. Naked and torn,
From hill to vault, and vault to hill he roam'd,
Tormented sore : Till Christ with pow'r appear'd
The legion saw him come, with other sight
Than mortal eyes afford, in glory dress'd,
With Godlike armour clad, in heaven made,
To crush the pow'rs of hell : And fain had fled,
But the decree forbid, and caus'd the man
With trembling Devils fill'd, to make advance.
Arraign'd before their judge, their martial heat
Was soon to parley turn'd ; and bowing low,
Adjure the Christ, by him that reigns above,
That judgment strict, might not against them pass,
Till time affix'd, when naught can be revers'd.
Thus devils pray'd, and in their prayer crav'd
The herd of swine, that graz'd on yonder hill,
If Christ must have the man. For reasons wise
Their pray'r was heard, though saints are oft deny'd.
Then as th' electrick cloud, in summer's heat

High

THE GOSPEL TRAGEDY. -

High charg'd, emits the flash, to equal fill
 The one that neighb'ring floats : So Devils fled
 Out from the man, and charg'd the herd of swine ;
 Grazing in peace before, now frantick plung'd
 Into the lake below, where soon as chok'd,
 The drivers left their slain, plung'd deeper still
 To other floods, with swinish laurels crown'd.

THE dawning light of truth from risen sun,
 Now brighter shone—the hungry thousands fed—
 Th' increasing fragments left—surpris'd the crowd.
 Diseases heal'd, and Devils sent to hell
 From men possess'd, proclaim the Saviour come.
 One foe remain'd, the last, on the pale horse,
 Who had all ages crush'd low in the dust,
 And triumph'd still, o'er all the pow'rs of earth,
 Till now reserv'd, to crown the Prince of peace.

THERE was a house, at which the Saviour call'd
 Where friendship dwelt, all friends alike to him.
 Here from his daily toil, he oft retir'd,
And sweet refreshment found, paid in return,

With richer food, himself, the bread of life.
Yet sickness seiz'd the man by Christ belov'd,
And death impartial hurl'd the fatal shaft,
That levels all ; and pious Laz'rus fell :
But fell to rise, a victim snatch'd from death,
A laurel in the crown of Him that came
To conquer death and hell. 'Twas with design
(Though bowels yearn'd) the Saviour stood aloof,
Till death had done his work ; and friends bereav'd
Had wet the chilly corpse, with tears of grief,
And lodg'd it in the grave. With souls distress'd
They bid the dead adieu ; " Sleep, Laz'rus sleep,
Heav'n keep thy dust, till all shall rise again."
Four days had past, since fun'ral rites were paid,
When Jesus came, where melancholy reign'd,
And friends bereav'd in silent sadness moan'd.
At his approach, they burst afresh in tears,
Mix'd with complaint, as if too late he came,
" Hadst thou been here, our brother had not died."
Natures alike, will like sensations have,
The sorrow caught—the sinless Jesus wept—

Yet

84 THE GOSPEL TRAGEDY.

Yet comfort preach'd, and urging faith, they walk'd
 Where death his pris'ner held, in fetters bound,
 Not conquer'd since the curse was first denounc'd.*
 Groaning within, to see what sin had done,
 The Saviour lift his eyes to throne above,
 Then turn'd with sov'reign voice, that voice which g
 All nature birth, and bade the dead arise.
 The sleeping dust obey'd---the soul return'd,
 And struggling nature prov'd the voice divine.
 Death quit his prey, and fled with mortal wound,
 Despoil'd of pow'r to hurt the friends of Christ.
 Loos'd from his shroud, the captive stranger rose,
 And bowing low first at the Saviour's feet,
 He gave each hand at once, to the bereav'd,
 Each sister took his hand---but silent all---
 The flowing tears their inward joy bespoke,
 Too big to utter more. Strange death ! strange life
 Again to try, when nature's debt was paid.

Fam

The miracles wrought by the prophets upon the dead, were not
 effected by the spirit of Christ, but are to be viewed by us as a pre
 to this, which considered in all its attendant circumstances, was a c
 plete conquest. It was one of the last, and greatest of Christ's mira
 it most alarmed his enemies, and served to hasten on his crucifixion

Fame quickly spread the news, that one had come
With tidings fresh borne from the other world ;
And many flock to see, what ne'er was seen,
A man return'd from mansions of the dead.
Some gaze, yet silent stand, maz'd at the sight,
Some question much, what pass'd while he was gone ;
Thrice, he assay'd to give the hard detail,
And thrice, his fault'ring tongue refus'd the task ;
Not form'd to tell the wonders of that world.

ALL heav'n rejoic'd to see the tyrant slain,
Earth struck the note, and sung the Victor's praise,
Who rising from death, and vict'ry from the grave,
Had borne away. Men lavish praise on men,
When least deserv'd, and often triumphs give,
Where chains belong. Not so the great Supreme,
Who weighs the deed, and motive in one scale,
And ne'er mistakes, in dealing forth rewards.
He saw the conquest great, won over death,
And honor great decreed, ere time began—
Long since reveal'd, in prophecy to men.
'Twas morning, and the sun with ris'n orb

Made nature smile, portending great events,
That brighter sun, in diff'rent chariot borne,
Would bless the world that day. Angels descend
To take command, and in procession lead.
By secret impulse mov'd, all join the train,
The senseless as obsequious bends the knee
To take the Saviour on ; unus'd before,
Yet of her burden proud, she gently walks
The way direct, as the Philistine kine
Once bore the Ark back to the holy land.
Thousands, meanwhile, the joyful triumph join,
Some garments spread, some boughs of evergreen
Strew in the way, and loud hosannas sing.
Amidst the cheerful throng, the Saviour rode
Up to the eastern gate, which on its hinge
Spontaneous turn'd, to let the Conqu'ror in.
Zion behold your king ! He lowly comes—
With meekness clad—in humble pomp he rides,
Dispensing grace unto a guilty world.
The vocal joy through the wide city spread,
All ran to know the cause, where soon as come,

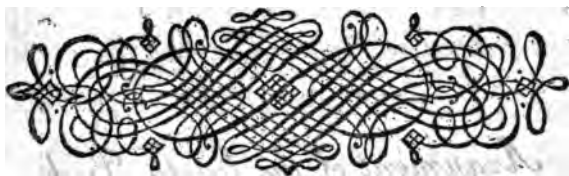
In rapture caught, like messengers of Saul
They join the train, and aid the gen'ral song.
Up to the house of God, long time profan'd,
The triumph led ; now cleans'd by pow'r divine,
In promis'd glory shone, with better Ark,
With brighter cloud, than grac'd the former house.
Infants and youth, their tender voices raise
In sweetest sound—hosanna to the Christ.
All nature smil'd, and echo'd to the joy,
While scribes and angry priests, with malice burn.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



Argument of the fourth Book.

NATURE from eternity existed in the divine mind.—*Glory of Christ* the object of creation.—*Revelation of the atonement* surprising to angels.—*The infernal hosts* return to hell, when *Christ* entered *Jerusalem* in triumph.—*The civil broil*.—*Quieted by Satan*.—*The death of Christ* urged.—*Opposed by the philosopher of hell*.—*Point* carried by *Satan*.—*The philosopher's soliloquy*.—*Satan* leads his forces to earth.—*The four divisions*.—*Their orders*.—*Institution of the supper*.—*Satan's parade* seen by *Christ* from the garden.—*His agony*.---*An angel* sent to comfort him.—*Judas* comes at his departure.—*Christ* taken.—*Tried and condemned by the court*.—*Led to Pilate*.---*Pilate's distress*.---*Reflections on his character*.---*Satan* with the two wings reserved comes down at the crucifixion.---*Angels retire from the Cross*.---*Christ* alone with his enemies.---*Insulted*.---*The penitent thief*.---*Angel of death* sent.---*Christ* expires.---*Laws of nature* disturbed.---*Order* restored.---*Devils* vanquished.---*The Father* meets his *Son* on the temple, renews the promise, and reveals his glory.---*Resurrection of Christ*.---*Resurrection of the saints*.---*The triumphant ascension*.---*Conclusion*.



T H E
G O S P E L T R A G E D Y .

B O O K I V .

THE CRUCIFIXION.

ALL things were cast in the eternal mind,
Ere time began, or nature dress'd in charms
Of beauty rose, to play before the eye ;
There lay the early plan, by wisdom drawn,
That gave existence birth, whose diff'rent parts
In union met, to push one great design—
Messiah's rule. For this, the midnight void
Receiv'd those lights, which speak a hand divine.
There rov'd celestial hosts, God's earlier works,
And nice proportion saw, world poizing world;
And systems balanc'd round their centre roll,
Without a jar in all the vast machine.

Attendant joy the contemplation crown'd,
 Till in their view, by revelation taught,
 The cross of Jesus rose, in mazes wrapt,
 Beyond the pow'r of Seraph's mind to search :
 But press'd with strong desire, they ply the depths—
 A suffering God—and drown'd in thought adore.
 So sculptur'd in the temple's holy place,
 Their faces turn'd upon the mercy feat.
 How can a mortal then, look through the shades,
 Where sight angelick fails ? The muse recoils—
 Lets fall the lyre, and trembling turns aside :
 Yet urg'd by passion strong, to learn the source
 Whence sov'reign mercy flows, she tries the song
 Advent'rous as it is. O thou by whom
 The bards of Zion sing, control my thoughts,
 While they attempt to climb the mount of death,
 Where flow'd in crimson streams the blood of Christ.

THE vanquish'd hosts of hell had now return'd,
 Fled from the Prince of Peace, who held the field,
 In triumph borne up to his Father's house ;
 Whence infant voices reach'd, in gospel song,

The

THE CRUCIFIXION.

91

The shades beneath, conveying horror new
 To that dark world, where gloom and horror dwell,
 Invectives sharp, the flying legions met,
 By them return'd, high charg'd with deep disdain,
 To hear reproach from those, who danger shun'd.
 Soon words were found too weak to vent their rage,
 Recourse was had to arms; Devils on Devils rush
 With falchion drawn, and with infernal yell,
 Ambitious which might keener torment give.
 The faction spread, as when before the gale,
 The raging flame sweeps o'er the arid fen,
 Now here, now there, as blows the whiffling wind,
 The fire directs its course, from spire to spire,
 (Among the sapless reeds, that crackling fall)
 Resistless as it goes. So spread the broil,
 Known, or unknown the cause, all join the feud,
 Till the infernal curse had caught the whole.
 Long time their prince, with active peers had strove,
 To quench a flame, that baffled all their pow'r :
 When rage had taken vent through bleeding wounds,
 And vigor fail'd, he gain'd the list'ning ear,

And

And thus address'd his hosts. What madness this
 Is sufferance light; by the Supreme impos'd,
 That horrors new you court ? To honour lost,
 You fix the stigma deep, by heaven cast,
 That dev'lish temper, dev'lish torment breeds,
 Without inflicter else. What need of pow'r
 To crush a foe, whose pow'r is spent on self ?
 Can such angelick birth, of which you boast,
 Such knowledge vast, in folly plunge like this ?
 The scorn of heav'n above, our empire stands,
 And men in lower rank, (who quit their broils
 To meet a foe) despise the game you play.
 Shall Son of God, with gospel laurels crown'd
 In triumph ride, and earth hosannas sing,
 While all your strength in civil broils is spent ?
 So serpents vex'd, serpentine nature act,
 And madly turn (if foe be out of reach)
 The bite on self, with mortal venom charg'd.
 Shame to the wretch, that does his reason cross,
 Himself torment, and on the publick bring
 Discord and death, to serve a private grudge,

In union bound, ye pow'rs of darkness rise—
Your honour lost, retrieve—your prowess turn
Against the Christ, that he for honours won,
May double penance pay—and let him die !

ALL felt the force of truth, and stung with shame
Around their monarch throng, to learn his will,
And orders fresh pursue :—When one arose
Sedate and grave, whose philosophick skill
In matters great, no rival found in hell.
'Twas he that led the vote for the attack
That Satan made on Christ. And thus he spake.
In jars like these, my prince and fellow peers,
No part I share : But spend my wasteless hours
In pensive thought, to find the plan of him
Who reigns above. For this, no page unsearch'd
In sacred writ is left, from line to line
I've rov'd, in mazes lost, and wonder'd much
What crisis this ! what blood and sacrifice
Could mean in him, who holds the keys of death,
The smiling lamb, upon the altar slain,
And harmless sheep, before her shearer laid

(Prophetick

(Prophetick figures us'd, to paint the Christ)

'Twas hard to make apply. But clouds no more

Perplex my anxious mind, the light is clear,

Himself resolv'd my doubts, when with the twelve

From publick crowd retir'd, he taught his cross---

The end of Jewish rites, the blood of which

Could ne'er atone for sin---his own the price

The broken law accepts. For this he came---

'Tis his design, by off'ring up his life,

To ransom souls from death. Hence orders giv'n

Will help the plan divine---yourselves confound---

And save a world condemn'd. The scheme disclos'd,

Hell felt the shock, and from its centre groan'd:

Like distant thunder heard with rumbling sound,

Or as the earth whose hollow caverns quake

When heated min'rals burst. Soon ceas'd the shock,

And all to silence call'd, their chief began.

In counsel wise there must exist a plan,

From which, when form'd, 'tis hard to turn the mind

Admit the noble peer has found the clew,

Can this be grounds that orders be revers'd?

'Tis present good, that men and devils seek,
What is remote of pleasure, or of pain,
Fails to impel the mind. The scheme expos'd
In the late plea, this present good secures—
Sweet pleasure gives, to see God's Son expire
Crush'd with their weight of guilt. But what is more,
A field for action brave is brought to view,
Where, martial'd hosts of hell may skill display,
And with temptations new assail the world.
Danger and sharp reproach shall be the price,
That buys the Christian name. As blood begins,
Let blood attend the plan, that's now reveal'd,
And persecutions drench his church in gore.
Disgrace and death, are painful to the mind,
All future good in gospel promise hid,
On terms like these, will fail to lure the world.
Should fire and sword, and death in ev'ry shape
Our purpose fail, his doctrines next attack.
Can innocence in place of guilt be set,
And die as if to blame? Whence comes the right
To traffick thus with life—at justice spurn,

And


And right and wrong transpose ? Go tell the world,
'Tis in the gospel plan, with jargon more,
A dying God ! by reason judg'd a farce.
Nature divine is not a prey for death.
'Tis creatures only die. Hence, death will prove
Him not divine, and no atonement made.
'Tis grace, they say, 'tis free and sov'reign grace.
Devoid of works, on which the plan is built ;
If so, in human pride, 'tis not a task,
With grace unmix'd to blend the law of works,
To raise their babel high, and sap the whole.
Should all this fail, we'll aim a bolder stroke,
And form a faith to better please the world—
Mankind to save, not from, but in their sins :
Nor with a partial choice, that takes a few,
But on a lib'ral plan, that saves the whole.
These modes of new attack with thousands more
Rise from the scheme and urge the orders giv'n—
O let him die.—With shrill echoing voice
The circling myriads cri'd—O let him die.
As in the silent night beneath a mount,

The peasant seeks his dome, and seeking calls,
 Then list'ning hears, like voice, like words return,
 The neighb'ring rock replies. Fresh ardour glow'd
 In ev'ry face, except the noble Peer,
 Who, with his wings his sable visage hid,
 And slowly mov'd from the rejoicing crowd,
 To reach a distant hill, that stood retir'd,
 Where doom'd to thought, he sought to wail alone.
 And as he turn'd, he spake. O wretched world,
 From hope and counsel shut, with folly curs'd
 To cross our own designs—to heat our hell,
 And scheme of God promote. Hard lot of mine,
 To share the fate of those, who madly bring
 Defeat and endless shame, upon the cause
 Already sunk so low. But grief is vain.
 Hell bar'd by heav'n above forbids retreat—
 Our lot is one—eternal woe is mine.

MEANWHILE, the hosts elate, with chief in front,
 Pursu'd the airy path that led to earth :
 Nor stop'd their flight till o'er the sacred mount
On which the temple stood, they all arriv'd.

There high in air, the Devil wav'd his flag,
Round which his legions drew, in order strift,
And form'd a hollow square—in number vast,
Like Arab's sands, which rise before the gale.
There from a stage, that overlook'd the square,
The fiend harrangu'd his host. Welcome ye pow
From rapid march perform'd, to the parade
Ordain'd by fate, to great and worthy deeds.
The crisis now is come, to live, or die—
Be slaves to the Supreme, or bondage burst.
The scene beneath us lies, that turns the scale,
And heav'n or hell exalts. Be devils brave,
Your skill and courage show, and all is ours.
The Jewish sanhedrim are now conven'd—
Our front shall join the court—the rear I send
With strictest watch, to guard the city wide—
To keep his friends disjoin'd, lest all the heal'd
Should rise for his defence.—Myself will stand,
And station keep, with right and left reserv'd,
To lend our aid, wherever need shall call.
The orders giv'n, Were quick by all obey'd

union bound, to push the great design.
The time was come when legal rites must cease,
The paschal lamb no more, nor types obscure
With paler ray, could longer veil the church.
Around the board, with richer dainties spread
Than Israel saw, when Egypt's yoke was burst,
The twelve were call'd—whom Jesus thus address'd,
Great epoch this ! an era new begins—
The ancient wall high rais'd by Jewish rites
Open'd to the world ;—the bondage fore
With bloody seal enforc'd, has liv'd its age—
As done its work, now freedom's banner waves.
This joyful hour, your Saviour long has view'd
With strong desire, to hold a feast with you,
That better cov'nant binds, with richer grace,
And crowns the gospel church.—This bread I give
My body torn for you. This cup receive,
This emblem of the blood, my children plead
To 'scape the wrath divine. Oft as ye taste
This heav'nly feast, that life immortal gives,
Let the whole soul, with sweet remembrance fed



On wings of faith upborne, rise through the skies
To your ascended Lord. My peace I leave,
The birth right pearl of grace, 'tis sure support ;
No sorrow can o'erwhelm, nor world unkind
Shall ever harm the soul that trusts in me.
Believe in God, on me his Son rely
To heav'nly mansions ris'n, prepar'd for you.
Not like the orphan child sore press'd with grief
Shall you on earth be left—with blessings rich,
The spirit shall descend—with comfort sweet
In gospel truth, your doubtful steps shall guide.
But lo ! the prince this world obeys is come
Yet naught can find in me ; that earth may know
I die a sinless man—a sacrifice
To other crimes,—Arise let us go hence.
The chosen three, that saw on Tabor's mount
Their Lord sublim'd, in radiant glory clad,
Were call'd to humbler scene^o : With these aside,
To place of pray'r retir'd, the Saviour view'd,
In airy region high, the vast parade,
And knew his hour was nigh. Sore press'd in mind

Not caus'd by Satan's threats, but wrath divine,
In agony he pray'd the cup might pass,
And ease the bloody sweat. Yet if the cross
Alone, could purchase grace for sinners lost,
He stood prepar'd, to meet the awful hour,
And pay the debt, God's broken law requir'd,
His slumb'ring friends did little comfort yield,
But from the heav'ns, where reach'd the fervent pray'r,
An angel came, with words of sweetest joy—
Portray'd his promis'd crown—and cheer'd his soul.
The balm appli'd, the heav'nly guest return'd,
And Judas came to act that double part,
Which earth and hell despise. No blacker stain
Than what the traitor leaves, nor harsher name
That sounds in nature's ear : The ass compel'd
To bear the trait'rous son, convey'd him where
A bough receiv'd the wretch, then quickly fled,
As if her burden scorn'd. With weapons arm'd
The band by Judas led, sent from the court
With legal trust empower'd, fought for the Christ.
Compos'd, the Saviour met the martial train,

108 THE GOSPEL TRAGEDY.

And calmly spake. I am the person sought :
But Why, in warlike plight do you advance,
As if a thief, with sword to sword oppos'd,
You would arrest ? In open light of day
I ever taught. What pow'r withheld you then ?
What chain could stronger bind, than those restrain
Your wrath control'd, till all my work was done ?
My active life is clos'd—my passion next—
Your pow'r restrain'd is loos'd—'tis now your hour
With hosts of darkness join'd, to vent your rage.
But suffer first this hand before 'tis bound—
Then touch'd the ear, which Peter rashly smote,
And heal'd the bloody wound. The Saviour now
Enclos'd with guards around, was led to court,
Where scribe and priest, with witness false suborn'd
And devils at their side, for judgment sat.

None ever spake like Christ, yet silent now :
Nor chose to answer crimes that malice bred,
Until the mitred chief, God's oath impos'd,
To say if he were Christ. Aw'd not by fear,
But with his Father's name, he then repli'd.

I am—the promis'd seed—God's harbinger
 From heav'n sent to men. Hereafter clad,
 The Son of Man shall sit, in robes of pow'r,
 And on his throne, in clouds of glory come
 To judge the world. In rage they all arose,
 Nor farther proof-requir'd : But sentence gave,
 Like that which pass'd in hell—the pontiff first,
 O let him die ; then answer'd all the court,
 O let him die.—Despoil'd of legal right
 To execute, they lead the convict bound
 To other bench, where pow'r of life and death,
 By Roman laws, went with the sentence pass'd.
 O Pilate, born to such an age as this,
 For such a time, mark'd with uncommon fate,
 To hand thy glory down, or stain thy name
 For endless years to come. My soul recoils,
 To see the judge ascend the mighty throne,
 Blind that the man adjudg'd, was judge of all.
 Some nature forms, when science lends her aid,
 To act a worthy part ; such was the judge,
 With genius blest, bred at the Roman schools :

His heart could feel, nor was his conscience bar'd
 To sense of right and wrong ; yet at the shrine
 Of popular applause, the bane of men
 That act in publick life, his greatness fell.
 His soul perplex'd with diverse motives urg'd,
 He from the Christ, unto the crowd repairs,
 Then from the crowd, to Christ again returns.
 Warn'd by his bosom friend, whose heart in sleep
 An angel softly touch'd, join'd with a voice
 That louder cri'd within ; he then resolv'd
 To fly the pain, and clear the sinless man.
 But vows in anguish made are rarely kept :
 As when a man parch'd with a fever's heat,
 In lively colours paints the chrystal spring,
 That flows in yonder mead, with fix'd resolve,
 If strength should e'er return, to hail the fount,
 And wrapt in pleasure great, there drink his fill.
 The wish'd for health returns with vows unpaid,
 The spring has lost its charms. So motives fail'd,
 When the vile rabble plead his honour lost.
 In blaze of light, he then forsook his vows,

And mortal sentence pass'd. No sacred rites
Can sin to virtue turn ; Nor water heal
Th' envenom'd sting of guilt, or wash the stain
In holy writ, stamp'd on the judge's name.

From high parade, the pow'rs of darkness saw
The court decide, and heard the sentence pass'd :
When lo, a mighty chief commission sought
To join the scene below, with legion drawn
From the left wing. 'Twas he that Jesus drove
Out from the man (through swine the lake devour'd)
And hurl'd him back to hell. Since then disgrac'd
The fiend had sought revenge. The season come,
He urg'd the purple robe, the crown of thorns,
And the mock sceptre, which the Saviour held.
Insult and scorn, infernal skill display'd
Beyond the pow'r of men, 'twas Devils' aid
The soldiers felt, though ignorant whence it came.
Sate with present sport, they change his dress,
The seamless coat return'd, the same he wore,
When vanquish'd Devils fled ; clad so again,
The fiend rejoic'd to see his suff'rings borne.

70

To execute th' eternal plan of grace,
 They lade him with the cross, borne from the hall,
 Without the gates, up to the mount of death ;
 Where felons paid the debt to justice due.
 There Jesus came, without a murmur heard,
 While the vile rabble ply his painful load,
 And to the transtram nail his bleeding hands.
 To raise him from the earth, aloft in air,
 The prince of hell came down, with the two wings
 On right and left, and all * his region fill'd,
 Above, around, and through the rabble mix'd.
 With sinners rank'd the sinless Jesus hung,
 A thief on either hand, himself made chief,
 Fix'd in the midst, sole object of insult.

MEANWHILE, the throne whence light and life proceed
 Like Sinai's mount, in angry cloude was wrap'd.
 Those rays divine which cheer the moral world,
 Were hid in midnight gloom ; no harp was tun'd,
 Nor angel near approach'd, with heav'nly song.

A

* *The reader will not think strange, to see the possessive here instead of the definitive article, when in the sacred writings, Satan is called prince of the power of the air.*

All silent stood : 'Twas hour of sacrifice,
In which God's Son, for sin imputed bore
His father's wrath. Below, the glorious train,
Attendants of the Christ, turn'd from the cross
On pinions borne, twain hid their burnish'd feet,
Twain trembled o'er the face, and veil'd the sight;
Twain wav'd a slow retreat to Tabor's mount.
No soothing friend his suffering Lord approach'd,
He trod the press alone. Forfaken thus,
'Twas Devils' hour—the pow'rs of hell were loos'd
For space prefix'd, to vent their rage on Christ.
The crowds around the cross, by Devils urg'd,
Insult his dying pains. On blind and halt,
His pow'r is spent, it fails for self relief.
Let Zion's King, the boasted Son of God,
From off the cross descend, and we'll believe.
Though fainting nature fail'd, his love remain'd,
Nor shame nor pain, of the uplifted cross
Could quench the burning flame. Upward to heav'n
He rais'd his melting eyes, and cri'd, forgive,
Father forgive : They know not what they do.

Then

Then toward the suff'ring thief stretch'd on the left,
He turn'd a look benign, whose heart prepar'd,
Receiv'd the offer'd grace, with sweetest joy,
That sooth'd his pain, and rais'd his soul sublime
To Paradise, with an exalted Christ.

Ten thousand Devils gaz'd on the exploit—
A victim snatch'd from death, in hour so late,
By sov'reign pow'r of faith, that rents the veil
O'er nature drawn, and sees a promis'd rest.

ALL things foretold of Christ, being now fulfil'd,
Except the closing scene ; an angel great,
With stern command, from throne above was sent,
Who wields with certain aim the sword of death.
Darkness and clouds, lead down the Cherub's way
On Sinai's top, where arm'd with Sinai's law,
He fought the mount of death : There prostrate fell,
And trembling spake, beneath the sacred cross.
O thou, in whom divine perfections dwell,
And from whose face un sullied glory shines ;
A creature form'd by thy creative breath,
A feeble shade, that late began to be,

Is come to bear thy Father's high behest,
And on his Son, now in the sinner's stead,
To execute that law, by sinners broke.
Surprise and dread have seiz'd my vital frame—
Crush'd with a weight, too great for finite strength,
I helpless lie, maz'd at the bloody scene,
Which heav'nly guards, with frightened look, have fled.
O give me strength for awful trust impos'd ;
For native strength is gone. Then from the Cross
The bleeding Christ, upon the angel turn'd
A look benign ; the prostrate Cherub rose
In terror clad, and aim'd the flaming sword
Made sharp by Sinai's curse, toward the Cross.
Pale grew God's Son, the crimson streams retir'd
In canals led, back to the seat of life.
Then with pathetick voice the Saviour cri'd,
My God ! my God ! Why is thy Son forsook,
Why felt these frowns, in one thy soul delights ?
Then rais'd his swimming eyes, and cri'd again,
Into thy hands, my spirit I resign.
'Tis finish'd now he said, nor added more,

But bow'd his head, and di'd without a groan.
 All nature felt the shock—the neighb'ring worlds
 That round our centre roll, by angels taught,
 Observ'd the solemn hour, in wonder lost
 How man could sin, and Son of God could die,
 The sun affrighted veil'd his dazzling orb,
 And darkness cloth'd the world. The mistick veil,
 That in the temple hid, from common sight
 The ark and mercy seat, was rent in twain.
 The rocks were cleft, and from its centre groan'd
 The solid earth. Upward to throne above
 The fuming blood like incense sweetly rose,—
 The wrath divine appeas'd—the clouds dispel'd
 That thick inclos'd the throne—the sun unveil'd,
 His beams diffus'd—and nature's laws return'd.
 To Godhead join'd, the soul of Jesus rose
 Above the cross, in majesty divine.
 Before him devils fled, with terror struck,
 To see the conquer'd rise, with conquest crown'd—
 Death slain by death—their prince a captive chain'd
 Beneath his sacred feet. Like frightened herds

The

The vanquish'd legions flew, dev'l o'er dev'l fell
 In wild retreat, and in disorder great
 Return'd to hell. Thence to the temple mov'd
 His spirit pure, where on the mercy seat
 The Father met his Son, from pains extreme,
 And cruel death emerg'd ; there counsel held
 On the eternal plan, to creature's dark,
 To Christ unknown before.* The part reveal'd,
 And now renew'd, in promise made to Christ,
 The muse presumes to sing. For vict'ry won,
 My son a prince shall sit on Zion's hill :
 His kingdom wide shall spread o'er heathen lands,
 And utmost parts of the extended earth
 Shall bow before his throne : But rebels proud,
 Who dare like Satan rise, against his rule,
 Shall feel his iron rod. My holy mount
 With blood of prophets stain'd and guilty now
 In murd'ring of my Son, have pass'd the day,
 When mercy sweetly call'd, *Why will you die ?*

No

* OUR Lord is often spoken of in the gospel, merely with respect to his human nature, and in these instances, those perfections are not brought into view, which are inseparable to his divine. Mark 13-32.

No balm shall heal her wound, nor Saviour more,
Shed tears upon her hearse. My glory ris'n
Shall flee this hallow'd house, by murd'rous feet
Unhallow'd made.—These holy vessels borne
By Gentile hands, in Gentile worship us'd,
Shall be profan'd. From cov'nant broke I send
The nation curst, in captive chains dispers'd
Throughout the world ; till times refreshing come,
When Christ shall reign Supreme, the nation's Kin
And Jew and Gentile, form the gospel church.
Thus spake th' eternal God, and upward rose
His glory bright, from off the sacred house,
And heav'nly Temple fill'd. The corse entomb'd,
The Saviour staid on earth, to wait the term
The triune council fix'd when it should rise
With triumph crown'd, and flash conviction new
Upon the world.—As in a garden grew
The tree reserv'd, whose fruit contagion spread
Through Adam's race, so from a garden comes
The sov'reign balm, that heals the mortal bane.—
Two days had pass'd, nor third began to dawn,

When from above, a host of angels came
To hail God's Son ; as once his birth they sang,
So now his rise from death, which from the Cross
All scandal took, and taught the Christ divine.
No publick seal nor military watch,
Could longer guard the tomb, than time prefix'd
To prove him dead, and clear the promise made,
That he again should rise, with sting of death,
And vict'ry of the grave, as laurels set
In his triumphant crown. Then from the host
That round God's Son ador'd, an angel flew,
And roll'd away the stone. The Saviour spake,
With sov'reign pow'r his own—the body rose
Immortal made, in heav'nly brightness clad.
And as the union form'd, th' angelick hosts
With harps prepar'd, their hallelujah sang,
In notes sublime, rais'd to the great Supreme,
Who from the dead, this day begat his Son,
Discharg'd by right, and crown'd a glorious prince,
To rule his church. 'Twas then the holy train
Of saints, whose zeal on earth, and love divine,

Distinguish'd honour gain'd, from heav'n came :
 Each had his guide, a Cherub led the way,
 Down to the grave, that kept the mould' red dust,
 A mortal fown, immortal soon to burst
 The bands of death, and with the victor rise
 To take the promis'd crown. To points diverse
 The joyful spirits flew, to the known place,
 Where once their pile was rais'd, whilst fun'ral dir
 By friends around was sung ; long since cras'd
 The mossy stone was lost, the myrtle shade,
 And ivy bough, had hid the lonely spot :
 Or else, the ancient oak grown from the grave,
 Had rais'd its top, through which, the whistling w
 Oft mourn'd the dead beneath. So Moses fought
 In Moab's vale, his long inter'd remains,
 With Michael for his guide, who Satan beat,
 In stubborn contest held, from his design,
 And gain'd a secret grave. To Shinar's plain,
 An angel led the first created pair.
 To Machpelah the pious patriarchs came ;
 Nor far was David's tomb : Nor place where lay

The harbinger of Christ, who late inter'd,
Had scarce corruption seen. To these a band
Of holy prophets join'd and many more,
Whose names, the muse in ravish'd vision lost,
Stood at their graves. The wish'd for signal giv'n
By Gabriel's trump, the trembling dust arose,
Light as the wind, transparent as the air,
In perfect form, with heav'nly beauty cloth'd.
The substance fashion'd new, welcom'd the soul,
The soul in transport took the blest abode,
Not dreading pain, nor fearing death again,
They turn'd to worship Christ, their joy, their life,
And resurrection too. Twice twenty days
The Christ remain'd on earth, lest gospel faith
Might fail of full support. Then to a mount
He led his infant band, from foes retir'd,
Where he might teach the myst'ries of his grace,
And bid his last adieu. Sweet words of peace
Flow'd from his lips, like honey from the comb,
While through a world unkind, he led their faith,
By grace uphold, to see the promis'd rest.

MEANTIME,

MEANTIME, an heav'nly cloud hid from their sight,
 The object of their love, upborne in air,
 With glorious hosts around, of angels bright,
 And saints just rais'd, in bodies like his own.
 Each struck his lyre, and sang the Saviour's praise,
 Triumphant rising from a world redeem'd,
 And vanquish'd hosts of hell. Through orbits vast,
 And systems sunk in space, beyond the reach
 Of astronomick search, the legions rose ;
 Till at the golden walls of Paradise
 The train arrived, with harps of softer note,
 And cymbals sounding high, in concert join'd.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors,
 Ye gates your leaves display, the conqueror comes,
 With death and hell, bound at his chariot wheels.
 Thus sang the joyful hosts—the portals turn'd,
 And wide admision gave, up to the throne,
 Where God receiv'd his Son, at his right hand,
 Array'd with power, and heav'nly glory crown'd.

SAY Zion's muse, What world is this illum'd
 With God's first born, the bright and morning star ?

Among

Among the group of orbs that float in space,
 The honour's thine, to join in nature him,
 Who made them all. Thine was the flesh he took,
 And thine the soul, and in thy bosom lay
 The sacred corse, pris'ner awhile to death,
 Till law releas'd, and Sinai's bands were burst.
 Then joyful rose, and bore his church on high
 O'er death triumphant, organiz'd the head,
 The body like his own in glory rob'd,
 United both in one. Distinguish'd world,
 High favour'd race of men, to honours born,
 Which angels never knew. Distinguish'd more,
 To join in treason foul, against his life,
 Who di'd to save thine own. Didst thou not know,
 When sacred pencil drew his features fair,
 The heav'nly stranger come ? or knowing, Could
 Infernal malice burn against the man,
 That naught but kindness breath'd ? Unfeeling heart
 That love nor pity move, nor gratitude
 Can melt in kind returns. Not alter'd since,
 The world is still the same, to feeling lost,

Unmov'd,

Unmov'd, untouch'd, by news the Gospel brings.
 Above, beneath, where beings better know,
 The cause to action drives ; on cheerful wing,
 Proud of the message borne, angels descend,
 Whom fiends indignant meet, in contest sharp—
 All heav'n and hell in arms, man only lies
 In stupid langour sunk. O earth attend !
 A voice from heaven comes—one vial more
 Shall close the solemn scene.—Tir'd of its path
 And worn by long fatigue, the system stops !—
 The balance lost—now wild disorder reigns.
 Like as a scroff by mighty tempests driven,
 The whole together roll'd, world dash'd on world,
 The crush in thunders roar ! Such nature's wreck—
 Such her expiring groan. A melted mass,
 And without law to guide, or centre draw,
 It moves in space, and roams the endless void.
 'Tis finish'd now, here ends the mighty scene,
 God's works have liv'd their day, their task fulfil'd,
 And as the folded vest, are laid aside.

His

His foes subdu'd, and hell eternal bar'd,
The Judge ascends with joyful trophies round—
His church redeem'd, to realms of heav'nly peace,
Where tears are dri'd, and malice ne'er invades—
Himself the Sun—they bask in endless day.



ER
p.c.







